

"UNCROWNED KING OF THE BURGLARS"

Amazing Career of Mark Shinburn, the Most Scientific and Expert Cracksman Who Ever Terrified Bank Officials and the Police

Surrounding country for the burglars. Just before daybreak one of these posers got so hot on the heels of Shinburn and his friends that they were forced to abandon their worn out horses and take to the railroad.

Luckily for them, there was a handcar, such as railroad laborers use, standing near where they left their team. They jumped on board this car with their booty and, after racing at a furious pace for twenty miles and narrowly missing collision with several trains, they succeeded in eluding their pursuers.

The story of how Shinburn lived honestly for fifteen years only to return again to crime is one of the most extraordinary features of his remarkable career.

Shinburn Reforms

It was not long after the Ocean Bank robbery that Shinburn reformed. From this crime and others which followed it in rapid succession he had accumulated more than \$750,000. This fortune he soon increased by some lucky speculation in Wall street to a round million of dollars.

Suddenly, without a word of explanation to even his closest friends, he dropped out of sight. It was only natural that the disappearance of such a prominent figure in the underworld should cause a great deal of comment. All sorts of rumors were afloat—the favorite being that he had been arrested and was doing time somewhere under an assumed name.

As a matter of fact, Shinburn had converted all his property into cash and gone to Belgium.

He had selected Belgium for his home because at that time there was no extradition treaty between that country and the United States. It was one of the few countries where, even if his identity were discovered, he could be secure from arrest for any of the many crimes for which the American police wanted him.

On reaching Belgium, his first move was to buy the title of "count" as an anchor for his suddenly acquired respectability. Next he spent a part of his fortune in the purchase of a magnificent estate, not far from Brussels.

This estate included large vineyards and under Shinburn's efficient management they soon became the finest in Europe. Later he became interested in the manufacture of silk and acquired several mills where only the most expensive fabrics were produced.

Shinburn married a beautiful daughter of a good Belgian family. Their home was a palace—filled with costly furniture and notable works of art—and Shinburn lavished every attention on his wife and children.

After the nerve-racking years, when he was never free from the danger of arrest, he would have supposed Shinburn would find this new life ideal. But the fact that every dollar he possessed had been secured dishonestly seemed to cast a blight over him and prevent his finding any permanent happiness. As Shinburn later told me his old life never ceased to call him, and he was often tempted to drop everything and return to his kingship in the underworld.

Mark Shinburn had, as I said, completely dropped out of the underworld. So suddenly and so thoroughly had the famous

burglar disappeared from the horizon that not even one of his old friends and fellow crackmen had the slightest clue to his whereabouts. If, indeed, he was alive at all.

But one day a strange thing happened. Charley Bullard, all-around burglar and old partner of Shinburn, had found things too hot for him in America, and he decided to transfer his field of endeavor to some of the banks in Europe. Bullard did a little work in London, cracked a safe in a suburb of Amsterdam and moved on to Brussels, the gay capital of Belgium.

Strolling about the city a few hours after his arrival, Bullard leaned up against a lamp post on the fashionable avenue where title and nobility drive every afternoon and gave himself over to the enjoyment of the moving panorama of wealth, fashion and royalty. Suddenly Bullard gave a start—he bent his neck forward. "In the name of Heaven, Mark Shinburn!" escaped from his lips.

But the carriage had passed. It was too incredible. Of course it could not have been Shinburn, reasoned Bullard to himself as he stroiled on.

But that face in the open landau had fixed itself in Bullard's brain. He remembered the fine pair of prancing horses, the jingle of the silver-mounted harness, the liveried coachman and footman—no, it could not be Shinburn. And the crest and monogram on the carriage—no, Shinburn would not fit into such a setting. And the beautiful woman beside him—no, Shinburn was no society swell.

But that face! Bullard would make sure of one more look at it. And this time he would manage to find out who it was who was such a marvellous counterfeit of his old departed friend Shinburn.

An Old Friend Finds Him Out

Next afternoon Bullard took up his position at the same spot, but this time he had brought with him a guide who knew all the distinguished residents of Brussels.

At last the equipage he was looking for came in sight. Stepping out almost under the wheels of the landau, Bullard peered into the carriage with earnest and fascinated gaze. The distinguished gentleman on the back seat turned his eyes upon the stranger—and, to Bullard's amazement, smiled a gentle flash of recognition!

"Who is that man?" Bullard asked his guide as the carriage swept on.

"That, sir, is the Count de Merode, sir, a very worthy and a very wealthy man, sir," replied the guide.

"And where does he live?" pursued the astonished burglar as he made note of the address, with the intention of calling at once on his old companion, now masquerading as a Belgian count.

Shinburn did not deny his identity. He gave Bullard a warm welcome and the two men spent several days together talking over old times.

Bullard could not believe that Shinburn's reform was genuine. He had in mind several bank robberies—all he needed to make any one of them a success and clean up a fortune was Shinburn's assistance. Wouldn't his friend help him out just for old times' sake?

Although for the time being Shinburn was deaf to these pleas, there is no doubt that this chance meeting with Bullard in-



How Shinburn's Disguise Threw the Big Bank Watch Dog Off His Guard

Shinburn, the brains of the band, had located a promising bank in an Ohio city. The one obstacle was a ferocious St. Bernard dog owned by Mr. Snell, the cashier, which was turned loose inside the bank every night. The cashier lived next door, and could hear any disturbance made by his powerful watch dog. Shinburn, who was an excellent actor, dressed himself up with wig and skirts and obtained work as a laundress at the cashier's house and devoted himself to winning the confidence and affection of the dog.

To this brute twice a day Shinburn, the "laundress," carried the choicest bits of meat he could find. He petted him in every way he knew until at last the dog began to regard him as one of the family, and would not growl or show any sign of

displeasure at his approach. Soon Mr. Snell got into the habit of telling "Katrina" every evening, on the laundress' way home from her work, to take the dog over to the bank.

When the dog had become accustomed to "Katrina's" presence under any and all conditions Shinburn fixed the night for the robbery and sent for Cummings and Bliss. That night Shinburn waited until the bank cashier's household was asleep, then, with Cummings and Bliss, they climbed the fence into the back yard and crept into the house through the laundry window.

Shinburn handed them some pieces of clothes line and pointed the way to the upper rooms, where the family was asleep. Cummings entered the room where Snell and his wife lay in bed, frightened them into silence with his revolver, gagged them with knotted handkerchiefs and bound them

hand and foot to the bedposts. Bliss did this same thing with the little boy and girl, who slept in an adjoining room. While this was in progress Shinburn was busy putting on his skirt and waist and wig, which he had brought along in a bundle, and which he knew were familiar to the watch dog in the bank.

Going downstairs, they joined Shinburn, and the three of them crossed the yard to the bank. As Shinburn turned the key in the outer door the dog began to growl savagely, but the sight of the familiar form of the servant girl reassured him. The astonished brute sniffed the skirt of the kindly laundress he had learned to trust and made no further remonstrance.

He offered no resistance when Shinburn seized him by the collar, led him to the cellar and chained him to a post.

let fall to his waiting sweetheart in the street below.

Shinburn finally got the girl's promise to wait for him outside the door leading from the jail yard at 5 o'clock on a certain afternoon. She was to bring with her a loaded revolver and some money.

Just before the hour set Shinburn got the door of his cell open by sawing off the lock. He cautiously made his way along the corridor, armed himself with a heavy broom handle and waited in a dark corner for the keeper who carried the key to the outer door.

As the keeper approached Shinburn gripped his club tightly in both hands and swung it high above his head to strike a blow that would have been murder.

But as Shinburn raised his weapon the keeper saw the shadow of it on the floor. He was a quick man with his revolver, and before the prisoner could strike he turned abruptly and fired. Shinburn fell, writhing in pain from an ugly wound in his leg.

Caught After Thirty Years

The love-sick maiden was waiting outside as Shinburn had told her but she fled in dismay when she heard the revolver shot and the cries of pain that followed. Her friends prevented her attempting to communicate with the prisoner again.

The only long prison sentence Shinburn ever received—ten years in the New Hampshire State prison—was given him for the robbery of a bank at Walpole, N. H. This crime was committed in the early part of his career—long before his robbery of the Ocean Bank and long before he became a Belgian nobleman.

Yet, so crafty was Shinburn in escaping from prison and eluding capture that more than thirty years after his conviction for the Walpole robbery he had served only a month of his sentence. During all that time there was a standing reward of \$10,000 for his capture and hundreds of detectives were constantly on the watch for him.

Mark Shinburn came out of prison only a few years ago. He was then over seventy-five years old. I am told that he was greatly broken in health and so penniless that he had to depend on the charity of friends for the bare necessities of life.

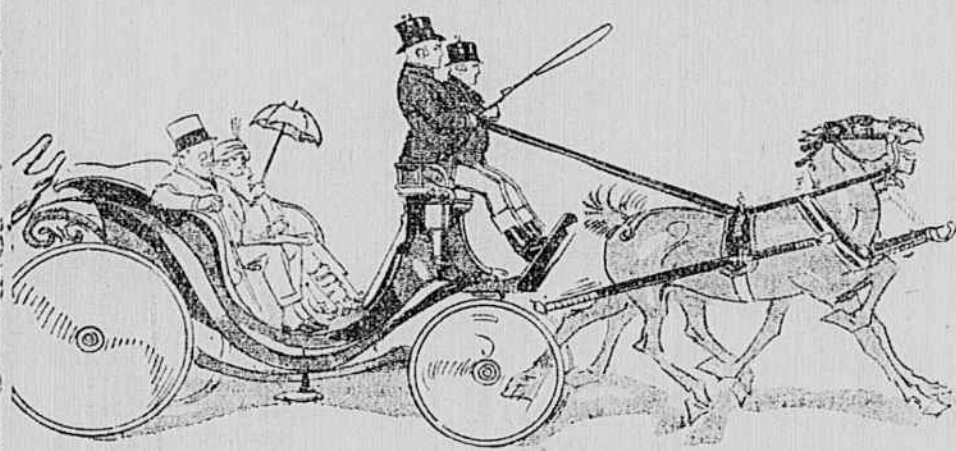
If crime could ever pay any man it would have paid Mark Shinburn. He was the "King of the Burglars"—the great master mind of crime, whose wits proved more than a match for law abiding society.

He was a man of wonderful ability, who could have won fame and fortune in any honorable pursuit he chose to undertake. But what did crime bring him? Only unhappiness, poverty, sickness and disgrace!

I am glad to have this opportunity of telling you about his ill-spent career, for I believe the present generation could have no more powerful example of the fact that, no matter how skillfully conducted, CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

SOPHIE LYONS.

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His Return to Crime

To pick this lock was an easy matter for Shinburn, but first he had to remove the keyhole plate on the outside of the door. As he unscrewed the small screws which held the plate he put them away in his pocket for use in putting the plate on again when their visit was over.

The vault, they were delighted to find, offered no serious difficulties. Shinburn quickly took wax impressions of its lock and they prepared to leave.

But just as they were about to step out they heard the clatter of footsteps in the deserted street. It was a gendarme—one of the town's regular force of night police—and he was coming directly toward the bank.

They drew quickly back—closed the door again softly and locked it. Through a crack in a window curtain they watched the gendarme as he came slowly down the street, swinging his lantern and pausing now and then to try a door or gate.

In their hurry to get into the protecting shadows of the bank's yard, Shinburn and Bullard had closed the gate behind them but had neglected to lock it. If the vigilant gendarme tried it he would know at once that something was wrong.

What he would have done under other circumstances the anxious robbers never knew, for just as he got directly opposite the bank, they were dismayed to see a gust of wind swing the gate wide open.

The creak of the hinges and the noise it made as it swung against the adjoining wall, made the gendarme stop short. He raised his lantern and gazed in astonishment at the open gate.

With cautious steps, as if he feared some one would jump at him out of the darkness, he entered the yard and walked up to the door.

He turned the knob and gave it a vigor-

ous shake. The trembling burglars inside the bank held their breath thinking that now he was sure to discover the absence of the key plate.

But the gendarme was evidently reassured at finding the door locked. He gave it another shake and, getting no response from the inside, slowly retraced his steps toward the gate.

Shinburn and Bullard were just congratulating themselves on their narrow escape when they saw the gendarme suddenly stop, raise his lantern and gaze long and hard at something on the ground beside the gate. Presently he stooped over and picked up the two pairs of shoes!

Discovered!

He carefully inspected the shoes inside and out. He was only an ignorant soldier but it did not take him long to appreciate that these were foreign made shoes—quite different from the clumsy affairs the government furnished for his own feet.

The strange shoes—the unlocked gate—slowly but surely his imagination created from these clues a whole army of desperate robbers. With one frightened glance at the dark windows of the bank behind him he tucked the shoes under his arm and started down the street as fast as he could run.

"Come," said Mark Shinburn, seizing his companion by the arm; "we've not a minute to lose."

Bullard was for not attempting to replace the key plate. But Shinburn insisted it must be done—if they put the plate back and then succeeded in getting away they might yet be able to rob the bank. And Shinburn was desperately in need of money to repay what he had borrowed from the London "fence."

Seven screws Shinburn's trembling fingers replaced in the key plate, but the eighth and last he could not find. He was tuning his pockets inside out for the third time and Bullard was looking everywhere for the missing screw when men's shouts and the tread of hurrying feet reached their ears.

They rushed to the gate. To the right their escape was cut off by a squad of gendarmes who were approaching on the double quick. To the left the road was paved with rough granite chips which cut deep gashes in their stockings feet at every step.

They made a brave run of it for half a mile and Bullard emptied two chambers of his revolver at their pursuers—but all to no avail. The gendarmes caught them and locked them up.

On the way to the jail Shinburn had the presence of mind to throw away the wax impressions he had taken of the vault lock. But a small piece of the wax had become detached and stuck in a corner of his pocket. When the officers searched him they found this bit of wax and in it they found imbedded the little screw which they later identified as the one missing from the key plate of the bank door.

This screw proved the connecting link in the chain of circumstantial evidence which sent Shinburn and Bullard to prison for five years each. Bullard died in prison—Shinburn lived to return to America to become again the terror of the police and the banks.

The way he eluded the vigilance of detectives and prison guards makes the career of Mark Shinburn as remarkable as his long series of crimes. He used to say that there was no safe he couldn't get into and for a long time it seemed as if there was no jail he couldn't get out of.

One of his most daring escapes was made after his arrest for the robbery of the coal company's office in Whitehaven. He was caught in New York and two experienced detectives were assigned to take him back to Pennsylvania for trial.

The jail at Whitehaven was in a rather dilapidated condition and so the detectives took their prisoner to a hotel while the authorities were preparing a cell strong enough to hold such a slippery prisoner.

"Your jobs depend on Shinburn's not getting away," had been the instructions given the detectives when they left New York and they watched him like hawks. Each night they made him sleep handcuffed to one of the detectives. As an added precaution they took his clothes and the clothes of the detective who slept with him and locked them in the adjoining room, which was occupied by the other detective.

Under this strict surveillance Shinburn remained for two nights a docile captive. After supper the third night he managed to conceal a steel pen in his mouth until it came time to go to bed.

A Clever Escape

When the detective slipped the handcuff on his wrist Shinburn slyly pushed the pen down into the ratchet so that the cuff only closed part way together and really did not lock at all. As soon as his bedfellow was asleep he easily slipped the handcuff off and escaped in his night clothes.

This is where his expert knowledge of locks once more stood him in good stead. It would hardly do to walk out of the hotel in his night clothes and he did not dare to attempt to enter the room where the other detective was asleep. So he picked the lock of a guest's room, appropriated a suit of clothes which fitted him fairly well and took the train for New York. He was never again arrested for the Whitehaven robbery.

Shinburn's distinguished appearance and refined manners made him a great favorite with the ladies. On more than one occasion this fact proved of the greatest service.

Once when he was in jail at Albany, N. Y., awaiting trial for the robbery of a bank at Middleburgh, he won the heart of a young woman stenographer, whose desk in the county clerk's office was directly opposite his cell window.

So ardent was the flirtation which Shinburn carried on across the street which separated the two that the girl became infatuated. There followed a long period of correspondence, notes being exchanged by means of a long cord which the prisoner

NEXT WEEK SOPHIE LYONS WILL TELL OF THE SURPRISING METHODS OF THE BANK THIEVES WHO WORK ONLY DURING BUSINESS HOURS AND WALK AWAY WITH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS UNDER THE VERY EYES OF THE BANK OFFICIALS.